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## ONE POLITICAL IDEA.

"I speak as unto young men, judge ye what I say."

FRANCIS BACON made this remark: "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."—And that wise great man never uttered a sentence more redolent with earnest truthfulness.

Man being an intellectual animal, is of all animals the most magnificently selfish. The young are less selfish than the old, because more trustful of appearances, and love naturally the comprehensive and the beautiful. While then, the old are feeling before them with their staves as they step slowly down in the dark valley, *we* will climb an eminence, and look round us over the big world, and see if there is not some harvest dropping its rich dead-ripe grains to rot uselessly in the earth, where we can thrust in our sickles to our shoulders and reap, and gather it home to the barns. We have young hearts, and young energies; our way is upward and painful, but difficulties ever are alluring; the giant-soul spurns inaction, and cries *Onward, Excelsior!*

In this age of mysticism, transcendental pantheism, and cant, when the foundations of the great-deep of human hearts seem to be breaking up, our feelings and our thoughts ask earnestly for something whereon to rest, something firm as that hoary Armenian mountain, and not the floating drift-wood of a drowned world, carried hither and thither by the floods of the deluge. The ingen-

uous young man in stepping from the "green-room" to the stage, to appear before the world in *character*, has agonizing doubts, bright, transient dreams, of glory, fears, aspirations, of which none but himself and his compeers have any conception. He feels that he is now a *man*, of impulsive actions, which shall help to seal the destinies of all future generations of men, and with honest Ajax he asks, "Give me light, give me light." Do you ask for light, young man? I would be the veriest link-boy, and flare my torch full across thy path, if thou art sincerely seeking for Truth; if not I pray thee go back, for the way I shall lead thee is somewhat slippery, and a way not much trampled over by the busy world.

Our most cherished political and social blessings rise at once, like the spring from the earth, from the religion of Jesus Christ. Take away the source and the fountain ceases to flow. But there are others that distinguish us in a most marked degree from the wisest of the ancients, which in a superficial glance might be supposed to have a possible existence entirely independent of a substratum of Christian philosophy—the discoveries in Electricity, Light, Sound, Magnetism, Steam. This is worth looking into, and if a Truth, and no Phantasm, should be known.

One of the greatest discoveries of modern times is "division of labor." The ancients had but a faint conception of its utility. They excelled in chiseling out images of the Ideal; but, they possessed few models of the forms of essential truths. The chariot races of the vulgar were fit, though coarse, symbols of the intellectual contests of their philosophers; both were eminently skilful in their separate arts, and we admire them that they were; but we cannot help seeing that, as with both the goal and starting place, were one and the same, the victor in each only displayed his skill in making the *circuit sooner*, than his competitor; neither advanced a step *outward*, beyond the tier after tier of quiet circling lookers-on.

In these days we have a different order of things. Trades and Professions have multiplied like the leaves of the forest; and the philosophy of Induction is a philosophy of progression, and goes straight forward. The old philosophy was like the earth forever revolving round the sun; getting no warmer, drawing no nearer the source

of light, and making no discoveries. The new philosophy is like the apocalyptic angel flying through the heavens, onward and still onward, publishing to all nations, kindreds, and tribes, over the whole earth, tidings full of gladness and radiant in their earnest truthfulness.

That this is no dream may readily be seen by a rapid retrospect. In the ancient Chinese philosophy—the oldest philosophy in the world, and consequently nearest those ages when patriarchs walked with God—we catch occasional glimpses, through the dimness and mists which envelop it, of Paradise and of the ministrations of angels—shadowy recollections of the world that was lost under the deluge of waters; but, so faint, that they are more like the remembrances which sweet strains of music, or the sighing of the winds, bring up in the soul, of some other state of existence in which we have lived, in a brighter world than this, than of any thing tangible and earthly. And coming down a few centuries, even these are lost in the chaotic confusion of symbolic “lines,” “transformations,” and diverse mythological emblems. Buddhism becomes the religion of the Empire, and a heavy pall of thick darkness, like a funeral gloom, covers all the people.

The splendid trellis-work of Indian imaginative philosophy, was wreathed and festooned with metaphors and symbols in all the luxuriant beauty and confusion of that pleasant land of the sun. But it produced no fruit but the apples of bitter ashes, and the grapes which Comus crushed into his cup of swinish intoxication. It was a sylvan retreat for the lusts and revelries of thirty thousand gods, not a solemn temple for the worship of the great Alpha and Omega of the Universe.

The ancient Magi bowed to the sun, and looking through it as a symbol worshipped the God of heaven. Their descendants by a legitimate and inevitable process of the human mind, transferred to the sun itself the attributes of which it was *but* the symbol. God was forgotten; altars were built, and incense was burned to one of the small lights he had hung out over their dark pathway to light them upward to his throne. The star which guided these wise men of the East until it came and stood over the place where the young child was, cast a shade before them

when they turned their backs on the babe of Bethlehem, which lengthened and deepened with every step, until it ended in a dark and rayless night. The vitality of Persian intellect was the vitality of a dream, it became soulless, fantastic, and puerile, as soon as the great advent-light of our holy religion broke upon the world.

Egypt, at a glance, might be considered as an exception, but she is not. Whatever secrets this great earth of ours did reveal to *her* "priests of nature," they were never published again by them to the mass of the people; and universality is an essential element in the Inductive Philosophy, and in the Christian religion.

Now Francis Bacon, the "parent," as he is called, of the Inductive system, was not really any such thing. He turned to shapes of practical utility the crude forms which had already been thrown up shapeless by the great Reformation almost a century before. That reformation overthrew the Aristotelian philosophy of the schoolmen, which in the corrupt ages of the church had been plastered on the Christian religion; and this was the legitimate offspring of that most critical, most profound and practical philosophy of the wisest days of heathenism. It was the best production of their untiring efforts. It never did produce any thing but chaff. It never was capable of producing fruit.

The inference to be drawn from these examples is natural and obvious; but a question arises here, which must be answered before we proceed a single step further. Will not the voice of reason, and the multitudinous, "confusedly distinct" tongues of nature, tell to the human soul these great religious truths, the basis of all other truths, without man becoming an apostle to his fellow-man to recommunicate them? Since "man is a creature of large discourse, looking before and after," we will to answer this question; consider the different ages of antiquity as an *experiment*. A problem was to be solved, and two thousand years were given for its solution.

It was first tried in primitive simplicity. The physical man was disciplined into a mere machine, and taught to laugh at the glittering spear, and smile contemptuously on death himself, for it might be the unknown God *was*, a God of War. This age passed away, for the development

of mere brute force, the magnifying of the animal, could throw no light on the object of those inner, sublime, world-sweeping aspirations of the soul.

It was next tried by an age of refinement. The mines of Paros yielded up the blocks of marble, "the stone whose color was pleasant to the gods;" the spirit of grace and loveliness floated round the chisel of Phideas, and the rough mass became eloquent with a mute persuasion; the eyes spake, the lips were parted, and the half-formed answer to that solemn question seemed hovering between them. Art did her utmost, but the question remained unanswered.

Philosophy then tried it,—and there were philosophers and wise men in those days. Pure reason, they contended, was the wand of the magician; whatever it touched must be resolved into truth. They arraigned it before a mental inquisition, and logic with her utmost skill applied the tortures, and demanded an answer. They looked round them, and beneath them, and upward into the "empty, vast, and wandering air," and listened; but none ever came. A low, faint whisper was indeed heard, saying, There is one God, the soul is immortal, but, nothing more; and the age of Philosophy passed away.

Reason in the old world, it was found, could not divine the truth, and the answer was given, eighteen hundred years ago, on the plains of Jordan. The "experiment" was repeated, in a different manner, in the new world, and in the Islands of the sea. Of the last we will speak, and then proceed immediately to expand our one modest Idea.

The whole South Pacific Ocean is\*studded with group after group of Islands, the most lovely the eye of man ever rested on. It really seems that, in the holy night "strips of the sky, have fallen through from on high," and lie there on the bosom of the broad Pacific, in dazzling, bewildering beauty,

"There eternal summer dwells,  
And west winds with musky wing,  
About the cedarn alleys, fling  
Nard, and cassia, balmy smells."

The air is loaded with the fragrance of flowers, "spring hangs her blossoms from every bough," and month after

month, the whole year round, the most luscious fruits are hanging ripe from the trees. These Islands in the Southern Ocean, are far off from any other dwellings of man; they are walled in with coral reefs on which the waves of the vast Pacific, sullenly and unweariedly have beat for ages; and within these the untamed children of nature sported, and laughed at the hoarse murmurs and mysterious whispers of the deep sounding sea.

Would it be possible for "Nature to come forth, and wear more glorious appareling?" And the question which reason could not answer, was put to her. She did look upward, and in her own beautiful language, whisper of "Him, who gives its lustre to the insect's wing, and wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds," but, man, man of the boasted reason, of the giant will, of the burning thoughts; who would if he dared seize the throne of Omnipotence and hurl it down from heaven, held his eyes like Mammon's, always downward bent; and the low worship-whisper of nature was stilled in debauchery and lust, in incest and murder, in idolatry and in cannibalism, in the most debasing forms it has ever yet assumed on our guilty earth. If there is a single spot in all this wide world that may be call a mirror, reflecting back the majesty and benevolence of some Great Incomprehensible one, it is this same Southern Pacific Ocean; but, man, looking into this fair mirror, stopped at the semblance of himself pictured on its surface; and did not look through this, far beyond, up through the blue fields of air to the reflection of the home of the Invisible. Almost another two thousand years passed away, and humanity in the new world, and in the Islands of the sea could not discover God. The "experiment" was now ended.

We are now climbing the mount of observation, and the world is spreading out fast around us.

The Protestant missionary is, we verily believe, the sublimest character on earth. Not because he is a man of splendid genius, for he may be one of Nature's commonest men; not because he is a Christian, for he leaves behind him thousands as holy as himself; not because of his rare self-denial, for that is his simple duty from the example of his great Master; but, for the magnificent political blessings which gush forth from his simple labors, like the sweet desert water of the rock, from the rod of Moses.

Obedient to a "still, small voice," which the world who are gaping after the storm, the whirl-wind and the earthquake, never hear; he leaves his country for a land of strangers. He leaves the temples where he worshipped God, the Sabbath with its holy calm, and sweet associations, for the wilderness, and for heathenism.

He goes out unknown and unnoticed by the world; and in a few years is almost forgotten by the very church that sent him forth, and in whose service, patiently, quietly, and far away, he is pouring out drop by drop, the ruddy current of his heart. But he is not lost, "in deep *silence*, the *sun ascends the heavens*, and silently sinks the night down upon the earth."

When Captain Cook first planted the standard of England on the Islands of the Pacific, they were such as they have just been described. Their physical features are unchanged. They are still the fairest spots on which the sun shines as he travels round our earth; but the Protestant missionary has been there with the Bible, and the Taheitan no longer stands a burning contrast to nature. He has burned the maraes of his gods; his war-whoop has melted away into prayers to the great Spirit of the universe; and the low sweet song to the Redeemer, of the christianized idolater,—"*sweet as the wave uttered songs of the main*" at the hour of twilight now floats from island to island, and from group to group, over the vast surface of the Southern Ocean.

Their wild, irregular languages, have been grappled with, mastered, reduced to systems, and written down in books; they are even now creating a literature of their own; they have written, established, national constitutions and laws; they have the arts and sciences and scientific agriculture; their ministers have trod the court of St. James, and claimed a recognition of their independence from the court of Versailles. And all this is the work of less than half a century, and through the instrumentality of less than *one hundred men*—of no very superior abilities, or splendid attainments.

While country after country in Europe was swept by the pestilence of war; when heroes were multiplied; when thrones were tottering, and sceptres were falling; when Italy, Austria, and Spain were trembling before the

"child of destiny;" and bulletins and gazettes were filled with the exploits of successful generals; when Englishmen were murdering Indians, and red men were scalping their pale-faced brothers, on the banks of the Wabash and Maumee, and among the thousand islands of Huron; these holy men in poverty, sickness and peril, were calming the deep rooted enmity of the warriors of Raiatea and Rarotonga; enlisting them under the same banner to fight the battles of the Prince of Peace; teaching them the language of Englishmen, and the behaviour of Christians; to build houses on the land and houses on the deep; to spread their sails like their own nautilus, and travel thousands of miles by day and by night with perfect security, through sun shine and storm; and, above all, showing them that sublime series of gradations, from man with his human soul on up through successive ranks of angels to the foot of the burning throne. They were no longer *brutes*.

Napoleon died on a lonely rocky island in the Atlantic; and one after another the generals and statesmen he called into being, and bid the world honor, have lain themselves down to sleep. In his wrath he trampled over Europe in gore, and crushed out more than six millions of human hearts, and sent them unbidden into the presence of Deity; but their death-wail has long since ceased to be heard; he is almost forgotten by the widows and orphans; and corn and fruits and vines are fast hiding his proudest battle-fields. But those honest, humble-minded missionaries, who were unknown to kings and courtiers; whose band of assistants was actually captured by a privateer of the French emperor's, and sent to prison; now stand forth in all the modesty of a true greatness that is as immortal as their own destinies, and present—new nations to the earth.

We have now ascended the eminence, and the big world lies all around us; and this is the harvest whose dead-ripe grains are dropping to the earth. Look at the glorious prospect, and let the deep earnest soul within you be glad. It is common cause for gladness to all good men; it is the disenthralment of mind; it is the expansion of humanity; it is bidding men remember that they are men, that their superiority over the brutes, is a superiority of intellect; *it is showing them their very life.*

We praise the space-penetrating power of the telescope,



because, swifter than light, it travels far out into the universe, and opens up to us a king's highway of communication with other worlds. The universe of mind is more stupendous than the universe of matter. It has been beautifully conceived that, one single thought far exceeds, in intrinsic value, the whole system of systems of material worlds. Estimate by this, the political blessings of the missionary. And hear now the conclusion of the whole matter. We must take man as he is, and make him more a man. It is a god-like enterprize, ennobling to ourselves. The aim of the missionary is, to save the soul, but, in doing that he must regenerate the intellect. In lifting man from smothering pollution to place him on the Rock of Ages, they must first stand him on the solid ground of intellect. Our course is clear. Send the Bible; send the Missionary. No efforts we can make will so soon accomplish our own aims. They will make man free, noble, intellectual,—this is our work; they will after this point him to the Lamb of God,—this is theirs. The west winds come to us pure and exhilarating; shall we despise them, and bid them not cool our feverish cheeks because they *pass on and on*, and waft fleets of sail across the mighty ocean?

In moral grandeur; in beauty of intellect; in winning laurels that never fade, and never throw a death-damp on the brow of the wearer, the great men of the earth, the statesmen and warriors, are to the simple missionaries of the cross, as the dim tapers in the chambers of a sick man, to the glorious stars of night.

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### THE DYING YEAR.

To the sapless trunk, pale, shivering, sear,  
Honors all withered, and the Autumn blast  
Wailing rude requiems o'er its mantling form,  
Still clings the hapless vine. So o'er its grave,  
Disrobed, its loose locks streaming in the winds,  
And hoary with the frosts and snows of age,  
Lingers the dying year; like the last leaf,  
Trembling, yet fondly clinging to the bough,

That in the Spring and Summer-time of life  
Had nurtured and sustained it. Spring, young Spring,  
The blooming and the blythe, its earliest-born  
And loveliest, circled with zephyrs bland,  
Arrayed in nature's first-fruit offerings,  
And fresh in all the buoyancy and bloom  
Of its Cytherean birth—has long been merged  
In riper Summerhood ; Summer—the gay,  
With dark eye flashing and her cheek all flushed,  
In wild profusion to the breath of heaven  
Her tresses flung—been wedded to the Autumn ;  
And her luxuriance, the bridal robe,  
Transformed in sterner consonance with his  
Severer garb. Robbed of her youth and bloom  
And beauty, on old Autumn's breast reclined,  
She pours her fragrance o'er his wailing breath,  
And smiling, dies.

In every glade and grove,  
The tattered vestments of the dying year  
Are strewn. Amid a golden labyrinth  
Of Autumn's withered trophies, here and there  
The merry brooklet shows its dimpled face,  
And sparkles in the sunlight. Silvery soft,  
Like fancy voices from some fairy-land,  
The mellowed murmurs of the far cascade  
Are wafted, a sea of foliage now  
No longer intervening. Rocks, their heads,  
'Mid voiceless solitudes, ungarlanded  
Uprear, in native grandeur frowning.  
There is a spirit vocal every where ;  
The stern, sad spirit of the pallid year,  
Silent and solemn ! In the sighing winds,  
Upon the echoless profound of night,  
It speaks most audibly, filling the soul,  
All thoughtful, with its desultory chaunt.  
On every zephyr-breath that stirs, wafted  
From harp Æolian upon the ear  
In rich-wrought music—ravishingly sweet,  
It steals ; changing the elfin melody  
Into a solemn requiem ; yet withal,  
Breathing such fascination, like the voice  
Of pleasing recollections, that the heart  
Leaps for expression. And when ebon night,  
Summons the genius of the Autumn forth  
In storm and tempest, and in mystery shrouds  
Its orgies—that Spirit Deity,  
All-present, all-pervading, moves abroad,  
Shaping in stern accordance to itself  
All sound. The swells and pauses of the blast  
Tell on the pulseless bosom of the night,

Like the quick throbbings of the dying year.  
Anon, upon each interval of calm,  
The heavy pattering torrent, like the tread  
Of sad procession, seems. Th' impassioned mind  
Lingers on every rain-drop, till it takes  
Shape and significance, becomes itself  
A knell or echo of a knell.

Withal,  
We learn a moral from the fading year—  
A stern, sad moral! There's not an echo  
That greets us from the marble portals of  
The dying year, impressive with the gloom  
Of those sepulchral halls, which teaches not  
This solemn lesson—that the pale, old year,  
Thus mantled in its grave-clothes, is the type  
Of all things sublunary; that in *Death*  
The great *Igdrasil* of existence springs,  
Thence draws its life and being, and its fruit,  
However fair and beautiful, must fade  
And wither, and be buried in the tomb.

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### THE STEAM-ENGINE.

THE steam-engine is the miraculous wonder-worker of the nineteenth century. It is not only wonderful in its operations, but, which is more wonderful than all, it is driven along on its iron path with the speed of lightning and roar of thunder, by the self-same power that lifts the lid of a simmering tea-kettle. The housewife is vexed and nations triumph, by steam. There is no magic or suspicious agency about it. Its vital fires are not Promethean—have not been stolen from the bickering axles of the sun or turned up from the heaps of rich and curious powers below the earth. The schemers of the steam-engine did not soar through the sky, or search the underground depths, or torture a syllogism, for their moving principle, but in the spirit of their master Bacon, they turned to nature as she stood at either hand, and found the world-changing talisman in the kitchen. Thus it is. The God of grace is the God of nature—the Father of our spirits and the Inspirer of true philosophy. We need not go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for holiness, or with tired

feet traverse the ends of the world for the germs of things potent and rare. They lie in the dust at our feet. Genuine science is chiefly increased by a study of *common things*, as we call them, although

"There is in nature nothing mean or base,  
But only as our baseness thinks it so:  
Making that common by the touch and sight,  
Which if as distant as the stars, would seem  
As sacred and as marvellous as they."

Antiquity adored and embodied muscular power in the person of Hercules, who removed from the outskirts of civilization the fierce tribes, symbolized perhaps by beasts and reptiles, which checked its expansion. And in our machine power which clears the way and quickens the march of social advancement, seems there not something divine and worshipful? Step into one of our large factories. You will see multifarious labor performed in a hundred rooms, and hundreds of human beings managing as many bands and wheels which convey and apply an inexhaustible power that needs no rest at night and fairs not by day. Go down then into one of the lower apartments and you will see the fountain of all this motion. There is the steam-engine, doing its work without any bluster, like a strong man conscious of his strength; and there is the enormous fly-wheel revolving with the easy omnipotence and majesty of a Greek god gliding through the air.

Carlyle has written concerning the divinity of labor and has beautifully illustrated the old monkish saw—*laborare est orare*. It is an excellent maxim, written in excellent metre. By its inspiration, yellow parchments were illuminated with a many-coloured glory, and many a shrivelled hand and cowed head, was summoned to think and toil in the silent scriptorium. But we have always thought there was something wrong in this indiscriminating praise of labor. For ourselves, we believe there are different kinds of labor and different degrees of merit to be attached to each kind. He who labors to cobble an old shoe is not to be ranked with him who labors to found a state. The truth is, that bodily labor is no subject for poetry or rhetoric. It is God's curse upon mankind. It was pronounced by his own lips. In the bitter cup of suffer-

ings which our fallen race is made to drink, there is no more bitter ingredient. In the sweat of our face, we are sentenced to eat our bread until we shall have done with humanity and probation. And, that our bruised spirits may not sink under the weight of our punishment we have a promised entrance to a land of unbroken rest. But Providence has mercifully mingled blessings with curses. By the atonement of his Son on the hill of Calvary, He consummated a way of escape from our ruined estate. He has also been graciously pleased to smile on the efforts of men themselves to ameliorate their lot. We are in this way led to believe that every invention, which enables us to dispense with manual labor, is blessed by Heaven, and becomes a partial mitigation of the primal curse. And the more bodily toil it dispenses with the greater benefactor is it to mankind. What there is in the labor of the body to eulogise and deify, we cannot discover. Man is clay and deity. The efforts of his mind, which have built up a long array of trophies, that stretch like the pomp of a triumph across the track of ages, appertain to the divinity within him. But the low labor of his hands, the stretch and wear of muscle and bone are entailed upon him by the earthy element of his nature. That men who are immortal and inspired with a beam of the Godhead, who are working out a mission here which shall have its issue in eternity, beneath the eyes of spirits bending on them from above, and the great throne of their Taskmaster higher than all—that beings overwhelmed by such solemn responsibilities should pass days and nights in sorrowful labor, which could be quite as well performed by a happy arrangement of iron and brass and leather, is indeed passing strange. What lifts us up from such abasement? What compels the dumb elements like slaves to do this drudgery in our stead? A machine—we deprecate the wrath of anti-utilitarians, and answer—a machine. Oh the utilitarianism of our age! How has it agonized the sensitive souls of ethereal contemplatists, who are purged from the infectious contact of gross matter and have soared into the clear sky of transcendental spiritualism! We maintain that there is a moral in every machine. We maintain that the spinning-frame and steam-engine, as instruments in softening the condition of human kind, should

be inscribed on the same page with Washington and Luther. We believe that human instrumentality when viewed from the distant throne of Providence, dwarfs down to the same natural inability as that of a machine. A man can do nothing in himself to bless his race except so far forth as Providence may select and sustain him. In the divine hand, he is only an instrument, or, if you please, a machine, with an immaterial motive-power. We have heard mention of providential men. Are not events also providential? Are not all things providential? Where then is the impropriety of applying the same laudatory epithet to a useful machine?

We read much now of Heroes. Hero-worship is a very new name for a very old principle. We challenge the whole tribe of heroic devotees, from the high-priest Carlyle down to the humblest under-graduated worshipper, to point out in the catalogue of their deities, any one living in these modern times who should take precedence of the steam-engine. If to be a Hero is to accomplish great and beneficial results, to diffuse peace and comfort through the nations and to carry a blessing to every man's door, then, although the assertion may be more likely to commend itself to the risible than the reasoning faculties, we declare deliberately that the steam-engine is the greatest Hero of our century. It has its praises which are worthy to be sung in Epic numbers. It can impel ponderous masses of machinery, and yet move with the accuracy of a chronometer. It can speed its way against storms and tides, and yet weave silken threads finer than the web of a gossamer. Irresistible almost as the shock of an earthquake, yet a girl might guide and check its strength. With force enough to lift a ship from its moorings and shake it in the air, yet with delicacy sufficient to strike impressions on a dime with unerring exactness. Who can calculate the extent to which it has multiplied human power? Who can enumerate the families it has clothed with cheap and beautiful apparel? It has brought the ends of the earth together. It annihilates the space between parted friends. It spares the sacred ties of family from being severed by distance and long absence. It brings sons and daughters back to the homestead to weep with those that weep, or rejoice with those who are re-

joining there. It has made the luxuries and comforts of life more accessible to the many than they were a half-century since to the few. It has not only afforded leisure for mental improvement, but has gone itself into the printing office to make books. And all its facilities it grants to all with a liberal spirit, to the friendless emigrant and the landed proprietor.

To ourselves there seems something grand in the idea which the steam engine embodies. Man appears to us in his most lordly character, as the prince and head of the whole earth; when he can fashion and apply and connect the metals so curiously that they shall become his "nimble servitors." He stands by and directs, while they, his not ignoble menials, perform his labor. There is to us, not only an instructive moral, but a charming poetry, that invests every piece of machinery. It is not only a splendid but a serviceable trophy of the greatness of mind. And who shall say, that when from high and glorified seats in eternity we are privileged to look down and trace with unsealed eyesight that stupendous concatenation of causes both small and great which have eventuated in the regeneration of mankind, we may not then discover the social and political advantages afforded by the steam-engine to be vast links in that mysterious chain?

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TO M\*\*\*\*\*

Her life was like a summer flower,  
Which bloomed and blossomed but an hour;  
Then drooped into the arms of death,  
Chilled by his cold and icy breath.

Yet ere its loveliness was gone,  
Its heavenly life, or beauty flown—  
It shed a fragrance through the sky,  
And angels wafted it on high.

Caught in their golden censers now,  
With joyful hearts they humbly bow;  
This incense to the throne they bring,  
Acceptably their censers swing.

Though from its power we cannot save,  
To thee no conqueror is the grave ;  
Thy thoughts so pure—thy acts so just—  
"Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The loss is ours. We deeply mourn,  
That graceful beauty which is torn  
From thee. But yet thou'st left behind  
The beauty of the Christian mind.

PALLINODIA.

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SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE more we examine, the more thoroughly are we convinced that the human mind at first is like the unprinted and untouched volume, upon whose numberless pages sense and reflection—those ever-living and ever-ready authors, are daily writing the fruits of their experience. Or it may be considered as a wondrous quarry of marble, whose innumerable parts are comparable to the myriad minds of men. Here lies a block shattered and in ruins, and we sigh at the unhappy loss. We are indignant at the degradation, when we behold one forming a mere stepping-stone for others—discarded, despised, and trampled upon. We wonder how another, outwardly so fair, could possess such inward corruption. But with gladness we turn to still another, which is brought out under the forming hand of the artist, and becomes the master-piece—the Apollo, the Venus, or the Eve.

The theory that study cannot make a great man, unless he be possessed of innate genius, advanced by the ancient sages, and sustained by many of the present day, nowhere meets with so powerful and complete a refutation, as in the lives and sayings of great men. Look for illustration, at Demosthenes, and Plato ; at Newton, and Bacon, and Burke ; at Pinckney and Burritt. To them there was no royal road to knowledge. Step by step they ascended the difficult mount, urged on by a thousand different circumstances, until they arrived at their several stations. Dangers and disappointments proved no stumbling-blocks in



their way, but doubly encouraged them, as they marked how much more their energies were requisite. They were like the winds and gusts that shake the sturdy oak, which only strengthen its growth and make it take firmer and deeper root. The varying force of these peculiar circumstances, attend man from the cradle to the grave, and yet each one is as the blow of the chisel, or the touch of the pencil. As a single force, however great, may not move a vessel so readily as a series of smaller forces, so no single flight of what is called genius, elevated, or could elevate these men to that station which they now possess. Long, patient, assiduous, and persevering labor alone accomplished it. They first mastered the extensive acquirements of others, and then from that height of knowledge, educed other great truths, which eventually placed them far beyond the ken of their early competitors. It is said of Parmenio that he obtained many victories without Alexander—but Alexander not one without Parmenio. So of labor we can affirm that it often conquers without genius, but genius never without labor. And when labor like Parmenio is cut off by the envious genius, genius like Alexander sinks into debasement and nothingness. How true was the modest declaration of Sir Isaac Newton, "that if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought." How true also is the aphorism of Horace,

"Nil sine magno  
Vita labore dedit mortalibus."

Seldom have these principles met with so complete and glorious a development, as in the labors of Sir William Jones. His useful life was a perfect commentary upon his favorite maxim "that all men are born with an equal capacity for improvement." Armed by this principle, and animated with a laudable ambition,—much of which he owed to a well qualified and judicious mother—he early began his arduous duties, and by the most unremitting study, in the short space of forty-seven years, reached a goal to which few of his age ever arrived. Early imbued with a love of literature he made so rapid progress in the European, classical and Oriental tongues, that he intelligibly and completely mastered sixteen languages, and of twelve others had obtained considerable knowledge.

Meanwhile, applying himself to his legal pursuits, he translated the famous speeches of "the flowing" *Iraeus*, and wrote his celebrated essay on the law of Bailments. But of his contributions to oriental literature, we should feel most justly proud. The East has already been blessed with two glorious eras. Two suns have dawned upon that favored land, shedding their gladdening and life-giving influence over the nations of the earth. *There* was man first created in the image of his maker—and *there* first arose the "sun of righteousness." And yet a third sun will blaze upon that mighty continent, dispelling the double darkness of the long and doleful night which has ensued, and making that dreary wilderness to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." The labors of the missionary in one important sense, and the labors of this eminent man, have been the partial means for the fulfilment of so glorious an end. Hence we can but rejoice as we see any effort made for the civilization of this mighty, yet superstitious people—since all such ends tend to further the cause of truth. Though he was wearied by his official duties as judge, and wasted and worn by the obstinate fevers of an ungenial clime, still his indomitable spirit overcame every difficulty, and urged him on to still greater success. Not unjustly could he boast, "give us time for our investigations, and we will transfer to Europe all the sciences, arts, and literature of Asia." Though regularly and frequently employed in his appointed duties, he formed and presided over the Royal Society of Calcutta—he almost finished the herculean task of forming a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws—he translated the *Sacotala* or "Fatal Ring" of Calidas—the Shakespeare of India—as well as many other works of poetry and prose—he poured light upon the valuable botany of his adopted country, and was ever engaged in mastering some new language.

Voltaire has said of modern writers, that what things they want in depth, they make up in length. This maxim, though often just, could not be applied to Sir William Jones. He was no stonebreaker on the highway of knowledge, seeking for laconic and sententious words and phrases. He was no superficial writer—or else how could he have poured such a flood of light in each of his various capacities as a scholar, a lawyer, a judge, a man of science,

a philosopher, and a poet. In each of these duties, no pillar of cloud followed after him. Though passing with gigantic strides, the pathway which he made was broad, well-trodden, and defined. His mind was a wonderful cyclopaedia of knowledge—filled with all that could please, instruct and benefit. It cannot, of course, be imagined that in *each* of these pursuits he was superior to some who have devoted their life-time to one particular branch. His mental faculties were not all *perfectly* well-trained. He had not the memory of Hortensius—or the reasoning powers of Edwards and Mac Intosh and Robert Hall. His knowledge of Greek was by no means so critical as that of Porson—nor was he so excellent a lawyer, a naturalist, and a poet as many who have gone before, and succeeded him. Yet as a philologist, he could, says his intelligent biographer, boast a universality in which he had no rival. Yet in all these he was eminent. His mind was well balanced; it was almost *incomparably* symmetrical. Much learning had not made him mad. With Pitt, and Wilberforce he opposed the American war. He was a champion of constitutional rights. His knowledge of Arabic and Sanscrit made him well qualified to administer justice in the Mohammedan and Hindu laws.

As a scholar he was a model. There was a perfect system in all his labors. From the early dawn to the close of each day he scrupulously adhered to a regular allotment of his time, to the pursuits of particular occupations. Of that which the poet so beautifully styles

“*laborum dulce linimen.*”

Sir William Jones to a great degree deprived himself—for, even in his leisure hours, with the cheering participation of his long loved and worthy partner, he formed his chief amusements in the study of Botany. Thus by a regular and vigorous exercise of his mental faculties, and by a generous emulation he became what he was.

He disdained the ignoble thought of bartering his learning for gold, and making a mere trade of his studies. Though possessed of ambition he brake not out into eccentric courses, seeking merely to dazzle the eyes of an admiring world by the splendor of his achievements, or like others to bewilder and entangle mankind with the very web of sophism and disingenuousness, with whose

gaudy disguise, and the skill of the thrower, they (poor mortals) are so easily though fatally charmed. He mixed the precious materials, over which he had such perfect command—not to poison, but to bless, to gladden, to save. Though he eminently possessed knowledge—that philosopher's stone, which turns everything it touches into gold—yet with philanthropic generosity he distributed the precious ore with lavish hand, and filled the chambers of the needy “with all precious and pleasant riches.” His was no comet flight of genius—but like the sun coming out of his chamber, as a strong man he rejoiced to run his race. Preparation for that race was eminently Olympic—his success in that race has been heralded throughout Europe, and echoed back from the banks of the Ganges.

But though his legal knowledge was profound—his learning extensive—his poetry elegant, and often transporting, yet the character of *the man* would almost seem to transcend in interest his wonderful acquirements. And this—because so often learning maketh men *fools*.

Memory loves to dwell upon the names of Newton and Jones, while it turns with disgust from those of Hume and Voltaire and Byron. In the relations of life this noble man was “attentive to every dictate of love, and every obligation of duty.” To the poor and despised he was a true friend—conciliatory, kind, and charitable. There was a noble independence of character; and there accorded with it meekness, benevolence and probity. He was a true Christian—not merely in the outer world, but in his “heart of hearts.” This was the precious fruit which ripened when the flower was withered and gone. No one could read that wonderful prayer which he uttered twelve years before his death, without having his own feelings sympathizing in strains of gratitude to God, and filled with admiration for the humble simplicity of the worshipper. His was the hand that penned that justly celebrated tribute of praise to the Bible—“I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been

written." From the most universal of philologists how glorious an encomium !

His demise was universally lamented. The poor Pundit could not restrain his tears for the loss. His endeared wife, and a large circle of friends long sorrowed over his untimely fate. The philanthropist, as well as the poet, the naturalist, the student at law, and the philologist—indeed every lover of literature, science and arts cannot but mourn that his "sun went down while it was yet day." Yet all was left. Unmoved by the loving affection of her who was then in a distant land, unawed by the grace of learning, the splendor of station, the prayer of piety, the tears of friends, the hopes of an endeared world, 'inexorable Death hastened to execute his stern commission,' and carried to the sweet solace of his labors in another world one,

" Who was too pure on earth to dwell,  
And waste his splendor in this mortal shell."

A few words with respect to the poetry of Sir William Jones may not be irrelevant. Every school-boy has read, and every patriot has honored the noble sentiments of that soul-stirring heroic—"What constitutes a state?" His easy and touching imitation of Petrarch, and other poems exhibit much sprightliness, which is made most acceptable by a mellifluous and animated style. But we turn with peculiar pleasure to those several translations of Indian and Arabic poetry where he is always elegant and sparkling, as the gay fountain he describes—at times more flowing than the torrent, and wild and free as the air. Oft he rises to the sublimity of a lofty description, and then strikes the soft plaintive notes, which love to linger on the ear, and vibrate sweetly in the heart. These oriental poems are sometimes like their proverbs, abrupt—but generally they are allegories replete with comparisons and metaphors, which tend to give lively color and richness, and dignity to the style, and enable us to enjoy both thought and description, without losing the importance of the one, or the beauty of the other. And how much more do we prize these glowing comparisons, when we reflect that they are drawn from natural objects. It is this which emphatically constitutes the beauty of an allegory. And *that* beauty is even enhanced when we remember that

they were derived from the poet's own land—teeming with all that pleases the eye, and gratifies the taste. A fertile, though discerning imagination is ever at work, bringing into requisition the most interesting spots known to the sons and daughters of the east. "Pleasure's rosy cup" is presented in this repast to our enraptured mind, perfumed with the sweetest aromatics of that favored land, filled with their most fragrant flowers, their most delicious fruits and their choicest wines. The fine gold of Bokhara, the gems of Samarcand and Thibet, the rich pearls of Ormus, add lustre, and majesty, and allurements to the scene. The country would seem like the wished-for land of Maiah, where

"the scented air was mild,  
Each meadow blossomed, and each valley smiled :  
On every shrub the pearly dew-drops hung,  
On every branch a feathered warbler sung ;  
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,  
And incense-breathing gales perfumed the grove."

But in addition to this, the beauty and gracefulness of the human form, "the endearments, caresses, and delicacy of love," add their influence to charm the heart, and warm to lively expression the deep-toned feelings of the poet. In view of such crystal streams with which to fill the golden vases of their poesy, and of such choice effusions as have reached us, who could wonder that the Arabians were accustomed to transcribe in characters of gold, and to suspend in their temples the most excellent of the songs of their poets ?

Their gorgeous descriptions, made lively by the most exuberant fancy, give the highest beauty to the allegory, while they often appear as natural to the delighted reader, as did the grapes of Zeuxis to the bewildered birds. The occasional want of strict delicacy, and even the grossness of expression which is sometimes manifested, we attribute entirely to the state of Asiatic refinement. The blemishes are rare indeed which are noticed by other than a prudish eye, and vice is only presented to exhibit its unsightly deformity, especially as in contrast with virtue. For illustration of these thoughts, look at the "Palace of Fortune," and "The Seven Fountains."

We follow the gay youth as he enters the world, deceived by its follies and vanities, till he reaches that point

of life where he is alive to all the pleasures of sense. We see him entering its beauteous gates, and drinking from its alluring fountains—sporting with one pleasure after another, and passing his life in thoughtlessness, and sensuality, and shame. We see him grasping the sceptre of ambition, or worshipping the gilded god. We meet him again when age added to an inglorious life has withered his brow and wrecked his constitution, and destroyed his hopes—when sense presents no more allurement to his palsied heart. But even then, ere the seventy days have elapsed, some kind angel warns him of his danger, and points to him the way of life. By the torch of Religion he avoids the deep doom of darkness, and awakes from his dream of folly—his reason brightened, and his soul reformed. We see him as he passes the last river, and joyfully enters his eternal home, where

“o’er his limbs a starry robe they spread,  
And place a crown of diamonds on his head.”

To such delightful intercourse with the poetry of the East has Sir William Jones introduced us. We wonder as we find, instead of anticipated gloom, a blaze of moral light—instead of unmeaning symbols, the most soul-stirring and improving allegories. If, as it has been said, Europe is the princess and Asia the handmaid, we must also admit that the attractions of the servant sometimes surpass those of the mistress. We joyfully turn from the infidel *Christian* poet, to the conscience-taught Hindu—from the cross to the Arabian crescent—from the temple of the living God to the “golden” pagodas. And even from the deep-studied, and favorite authors of classic and European poesy we love to turn at times, and beguile away a weary hour in listening to the rapt echoes of these soul-inspiring oriental bards.

JUVENAL.

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### POETS AND POETRY.

Much of a nation’s individuality is merged in that of its poets. Their utterances are the standard of that indi-



viduality. The philosopher, in his abstract conceptions, embodies the idea of but a few ; and this imperfectly, for he essays to grasp and realize to other minds that which of all things, is most difficult of such realization. Still, his aims are high and holy. The historian's too, is a sacred vocation. To him, belongs the apocalypse of God in the past. He is a nation's chronicler ; the world's antiquary. His comprehensive vision glances into all antiquity ; through it, forward into all futurity. He breathes over the dead past, and it lives ; waves his wand, and its amorphous masses crystalize into beauty and order. Under his wizard touch, the disembodied are re-embodied, and we commune not with ghosts and shadows, but face to face as with beings of like natures with ourselves. The philosopher and historian, each in his appropriate sphere, act important parts in a nation's economy. But the poet's mission, we conceive to be far higher in its aims and character. His ministry is to the hearts of men, and varied as are the chords he touches, there is that within his own great heart, which can cause them all to vibrate. We yield ourselves impulsive to the tide of his inspired utterances ; for they are the warm outgoings of a soul, into which nature has breathed the feelings and sympathies of all other souls. In them, our own pent up emotions find utterance. Our dumb hearts seem to speak. We are elevated above the ordinary current of thought and feeling, into a new world. Objects, to which the soul in its most beatific moments, dared hardly aspire, start up around into actual being ; and with the eye of inspiration, it glances still onward into sublimer states of existence. This is no dream. There is a glorious reality in the poet's power to which none can be wholly insensible. Poetry is the all-pervading principle of the universe ; and if mute nature speaks so eloquently to the heart of man, surely it is not fancy, which paints a halo about the head of the living poet—emblematical of the strange enchantment he pours around the soul. That was a dictation of nature, speaking to the earnest souls of the ancients, which prompted them to deify their bards and heroes. Rude through their minstrelsy, it could yet conjure into being an Orpheus, shaped from the rough quarry of their untutored feelings. Thus the glowing conceptions of dumb souls are ever wont



to find utterance. In that expressive allegory, we have beautifully exemplified the native power of the lyre. By the inhabitants of the old world, the charm it breathed was acknowledged and felt. We can trace its effects throughout every part of their grand mythology; in the glowing delineations of the painter's pencil, and the sculptor's chisel. The old blind bard of Salamis, his lyre, the listening throng—all form a group, which it needs no artist's skill to paint. With what a strange efficacy does that voice still speak to the hearts of men! Nor since those heroic times, have the flowers of poesy lost one whit of their freshness and fragrance. We still acknowledge the witchery of their power. Poetry is the profoundest and the sublimest of arts; for it is the breathing forth of that which is deepest and sublimest in the nature of man; the expression of the upward tendencies of the soul panting for immortality—of “thoughts which wander through eternity” in quest of something higher, higher still. There are moments, even to pleasure's most sordid votaries, when earth's things lose their hold on the pallid sense, and the choicest associations which cluster around the heart, wither and fade; then it is, that poesy is a ministering angel to the soul, strewing its sweetest flowers over life's path-way, and beckoning the thoughts and affections heavenward. Many imagine that its tendency is, by the *lumina falsa* with which it invests real objects, to awaken a morbid sensibility, which incapacitates for the stern duties of ordinary life. This view arises from a misconception of the true nature of the poet's mission. What is chargeable to the poet's frailty, they attribute to the vitiating tendencies of his art. Poesy, like a rare flower, does indeed bloom in a sublimated atmosphere, above that which every-day mortals breathe; but that atmosphere is only the condensation of the volatile sweets impalpably diffused throughout our own world. It is not true that the poet halos real life with charms of his own creation. He extracts the sweet from nature, and on the glowing anvil of his own fancy, does but fashion the material thus collected into fitting shape. And herein consists the superiority of one poet over another, the extent of this capacity to extract, condense, and aptly embody what nature furnishes. The system of gradations is observable in poetical excellence as

elsewhere; and the ascents in *linea predicamentali*, from the lowest species to the *summum genus*, are surprisingly numerous. From the veriest *a la mode* poetaster, whose art consists in a miserable imitation of others, to the sublimest of the vocation, we ascend through an infinity of "rank, size, and condition." Some there have been, glorious spirits, whose comprehensive grasp reached far beyond the range of ordinary imaginations. As delineated on the glowing canvass of their fancy, the dim conceptions of other minds seems to assume shape and substance. Through their master-sketches, the universe dilates on our view into microscopic dimensions. We view objects under a new dress. Others again there are, who arrogate to themselves a very respectable share of the divine *afflatus*. As a body their numbers and pretensions would entitle them perhaps to a passing notice.

bona pars non unguis ponere curat,  
Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.

The caricature is perfect. To pass by other specifications, there is after all but one sure test of poetic merit. We allude to a poet's own productions. By this standard, before the impartial tribunal of a world, must all who lay claim to the high title be judged. Here there can be no deception. As the fountain is, so will be the waters it sends forth. Passion, sectarian feelings, national partialities, may blind for a season the public eye, but sooner or later these impure exhalations must be purged away, and under the clear light of reason will all things be viewed as they are. The present may err in its judgment; the future cannot. Time wears away counterfeit lustres; to the true, it gives additional brilliancy. The plaudits of after generations cannot indeed reanimate the victim of penury, or revive hopes withered by neglect, but such is no longer the fate of genius. Our atmosphere is too pure for the re-enactment of a Dante-tragedy. The true-born child of genius is every where recognized as such. Whoever passes unscathed through the customary ordeal, receives his appropriate meed. It is but poor policy, now-a-days, for unappreciated geniuses to complain of neglect. Such neglect is the surest possible evidence of a lack of merit. The fact is a characteristic feature of the age. It indicates, in the most satisfactory manner, the onward progression of humanity;

a general diffusion of light, to the exclusion of those errors and prejudices which are inseparable from a state of mental and moral darkness. May we not hope that the present, with all its illumination, is but a type of the future—that humanity to-day, is the mere chrysalis of humanity to-morrow.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

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“AN OWER TRUE TALE.”

A smile of innocence she wore,  
Which lightened all her face;  
A flood of sweetness it did pour  
O'er every outward grace.

Her cottage slept beside a brook,  
Which rippling, brawled along,  
And broke the stillness of the nook,  
With gushings of its song.

And there the maid would blithely stray,  
Whene'er the day was o'er,  
And sweetly carol on her way  
Strains which her heart would pour.

The little birds, in sheer delight,  
Each music-tone would quote;  
And all the woods, from morn till night,  
Echoed the lovely note.

And, when with gladsome step she trod,  
The greenwood's cool brown shade,  
Each floweret would joyous nod  
Its little blooming head.

Each thing at her approach seemed glad,  
So lightsomely went she,  
Imparting to whate'er was sad,  
Some portion of her glee.

The traveller paused, and wonder took  
His breast, as e'en she smiled—  
He'd ne'er seen one, before, to look  
So like sweet nature's child.

As years flew o'er that maiden's head,  
No charms they took but gave—  
The same sweet, guileless life she led,  
Unruffled by a wave.

At last the spoiler came—too soon  
 He gained her artless heart ;  
 She loved so fond that trusting one,  
 She yielded to his art.

He triumphed o'er her weakness, then  
 He left his ensy prey—  
 He plucked the sweetest flower e'er seen,  
 Then flung it crushed away.

No longer did that cottage smile—  
 Mirth's echo sounded not—  
 The maiden sickened, drooped awhile,  
 Then died, and was forgot.

Forgot by all, save only her  
 Who gave that darling birth—  
 She saw her loved one fade and sink,  
 Into the cold, cold earth.

A gnawing canker ate its way,  
 Deep down within her breast—  
 Heartbroken on her bed she lay,  
 Till Death put her to rest.

The little cottage fell to ruin—  
 It crumbled all away ;  
 Its blooming bowers, with none to tend,  
 Fast mouldered to decay :

Now nought is left of that fair spot,  
 Except a shattered pile,  
 To tell of joys that now are not,  
 Where once it used to smile.

VERUS.

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#### MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

*The Crock of Gold—a Rural Novel. The Twins—a Domestic Novel. Heart—a Social Novel.* New York: 1845.

The literary world hath its fashion as well as the world of fops and dandies. At one time it prates of metaphysics until it involves its whole atmosphere in gloomy mist and thick darkness. At another, it discourses learnedly on Natural Science, until Christendom is turned almost atheistical with the revelations of geology and the fancied creation of life by upstart experimenters. Now the counter of

the bookstore groans under the contending combat of adverse parties in religion; now it is loaded with the discussion of the morality of some public character. To day every body essays to write poetry; to-morrow fiction bears aloft her triumphant pennon, enlisting all in its ranks from such as he who wrote Zanoni, down to the author of that thrilling tale "The Phantom Clam Sloop," while aged maidens and widowed matrons combine to swell the throng. There seems to be a kind of epidemic which afflicts the whole circle of readers—a certain monomania which rages madly against any but the favored class. Literature (to use a rustic simile) seems to be a great wheel of the huge lumbering go-cart of humanity which has jogged on at the same rate for near six thousand years. As each spoke heaves in sight emerging from the dust of unpopularity which had obscured it for a while the crowd throw their caps and raise their plaudits for the lucky ones.

Now it appears to us that fiction—fiction written for the sake of its producers being called authors of novels, and which when their title pages announced "a novel," told all they were or were meant to be—it appears to us that the day of this kind of fiction is passing away, and that purer sort which is akin alike to poetry and morality, is about to have its chance; and of this latter kind are those which head our article.

We do not intend to enter into a review of the works in question; nor to interlard our magazine with numerous fragmental quotations so lacerated that the author would hardly know his literary offspring; let the huge quarterlies, those ships of the line, some sailing indeed under false colors, but all essaying to keep off smugglers from the shore—let them do it if they choose; our small shallop carries too little sail for such a manœuvre, and the best we can do is to coast along the shore of the happy land of science and not venture out too far into the raging billow.

The first thing which attracts the peruser of these books is their originality of thought, of expression and of design. This workman in the cause of science appears to have deserted the old gold mines, the ancient diamond rivers, and to have endeavored to find something new. If he has

not added to her pure Pactolean sands he may at least claim to have enriched her stores by another "element."

There is so much quaintness and pith of expression about Mr. Tupper that old rough Carlyle seems to stand before us with all his force retained and all his uncouthness polished away. There is a meaning in what he says, and it is not so hid that one must search for it but he who "runs may read it." And there is a moral too in every tale. He holds no communion of sentiment with those mealy-mouthed persons who cry hush when licentiousness is rebuked for fear of mantling the cheek of innocence with shame's blush. To condemn a lie—yes let the plain blunt word be spoken—he writes 'Heart'; to point out the errors and troubles of the covetous he breaks "the Crock of Gold" and spreads its precious treasures of truth before us; to add his voice to the cry raised against the heart-rending, peace-destroying, family-severing vice of adultery he paints the character and ends of the "Twins." When you open one of his books he seems to be talking face to face with you. He does not address his readers as if he were preaching to them from the pulpit or delivering some bombastic speech from the throne, but as if he were one of them, not a self-constituted satirist of men's morals or a governor of their actions. He deals fairly with his readers and disdains to spin out what can be said in one, into three large volumes, for he admits the reader to have imagination as well as the author. Neither does he heed the fashion and kill off his heroes at the most approved time and at the established rate. He happens to have no sympathy with "the architecture of a duly conventional story" for which our popular novelists show such affection, of whose works it may be said, "*ex uno disce omnes.*" What he has to say he says; and then throws down his pen. He adds not notes like some; until one would think the text to be the notes—the notes to be the text; inverted by some serious mishap of the printer. His sentiments are pure and holy. He is a real democrat at soul, for he has no sectarian prejudices and eyes with no favor that "band of men and women who have nothing to recommend them but their externals." He cheers up "the truer nobility, the truer royalty, the truer gentry." For the first have generally no heart or soul either, the others have like poor Harry

Clements "cultivated well its grateful soil." His own heart seems full of sympathy for the afflicted and distressed. Let pert young men read what he says about "that band of holy virgins" called old maids, and if any can abuse that despised class after the perusal, then they never had an old kind maiden aunt with her Christmas gifts and her proud caressing smile or else which is far worse, they never had a heart. Let moralizing stiff puritans heed what he says about that poor degraded curate's daughter and her companion Julia Manners, for if erring human nature ever had an eloquent defence, this is one, where he bids us "hate the sin; but love the sinner: and be gentle-hearted, more generous-handed unto those, whose daily life is all temptation."

With the due deference of youthful inexperience to renowned authorship, the introduction of such characters as Julian, as Simon, as Jack, in such novels seems to us to be the only blemish. These are the only flaws in these pure diamonds. It may be urged that they heighten the scene, and render the picture more attractive by their light and shade; but they neither make us wiser nor better; and with the exception of Jack, could well have been omitted without detriment to the plot, if the object of the books was to teach the precepts, we have stated. However as "all virtue hangs together in a bunch," and as the world needs a little of the fire and brimstone, a little of the romance of the lower regions to give a relish to its literary palate; Mr. Tupper has a perfect right to exercise the prerogative of the restaurateur and give his customers the dish, that suits best their tastes. The Chinese however fancy cat soup, the French frog stews and the English tripe. Let each enjoy his own victuals; we prefer the solid substantial beef, "*de gustibus non est disputandum.*"

We feel that we have not done the works justice, but we hope to have another opportunity to say more of Mr. Tupper, until then we bid him God-speed.

[We beg the author's pardon for mangling his article in such unwarrantable manner. The "nature of things" and not our inclination was the cause.—Eps.]

## EDITORS' TABLE.

It is with no little reluctance that we at this time take up our pen, and sit down to the Editorial task. Much have we hitherto delighted to chat with our readers through the pages of our little paper, but now when we come to review the occurrences of the past month, our hearts faint and sicken within us, and we are almost constrained to lay aside our pen to weep alone. And not only are we reluctant as regards ourselves, we feel that these occurrences may have excited within your breasts, kind readers, feelings too hallowed to permit our intrusion. If so, if your thoughts be of him of our number whom we beheld so suddenly taken from our midst, over whom we watched as the flame of life long flickered, and whom we ourselves conveyed to his long last resting place; or of him who but a few months since bade us adieu to seek his home and kindred—and who now lies beneath the clods of his own native valley; or of him who had long gone in and out before us as our guide and instructor, who taught our feet to scale the steepest heights of science, and as a minister of our religion would lure us to brighter worlds as he has indeed now led the way; if these dear reader be thy thoughts, we would not claim thy attention, but rather leave thee to the communings of thine own heart.

Still, as in times past we have rejoiced with thee, what forbids that our tears should mingle with thine for those whom we all loved and revered? And why should we not all learn the same lesson from these solemn admonitions? Sad was it that the glitter and the glare of life's vain pomp and pageantry had so dazzled us that we saw not Death leading us on, fast marching us to the grave. Sad that by such examples he should assert his supremacy. If bare precept failed to induce us to reflect upon our relations to another world, if the voice of the *living* preacher, bidding us ever to take death into the account in our calculations of life, was in any wise disregarded, who will not heed the solemn words of inspiration, which yet fall upon our ears as the echo of the *dying* preacher's eloquence, "Thou turnest man to destruction and sayest, return ye children of men." O let us not be unmindful of the solemn realities among which we are moving, but with hearts within, conscious that God is o'erhead,

"So live, that when our summons comes  
We go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach our graves,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."



But we must now leave this sad subject, and as faithful editors, give some account of our stewardship, since this number closes the labors of the present corps. What we have done, you well know. Whether our periodical has thrived beneath our nurturing we leave to your decision. We have done what we could to render it amusing, instructive, interesting. Other Editors have often confessed their inability to supply its pages with such matter as they wished. We may have done so at times, but now as we descend from the Editorial tripod we feel an honest pride in placing before you a selection which will *not* do injustice to the reputation of our institution. It is true we have nothing here to excite your virtuous laughter. We have shown before that our Monthly can furnish the

"Mirth which wrinkled care derides  
And laughter holding both his sides,"

and now in parting we wish to show that we can also furnish a whole number filled with the high productions of intellect, relieved only by the interposition of the soft breathings of the poet. Such we know you will relish as well as the lower productions of mere wit.

In taking leave, then of our chair, we cannot but express our entire confidence in the ability and willingness of our successors, not only to sustain our periodical, but to raise it to a still higher elevation.

And, in taking leave of you, kind readers, one and all, let us say, that to us at least our acquaintance has been pleasant. We forget now the drudgery of our lot—the soliciting of money and contributions, the torments we have endured in our sanctum when wandering weary through the mazes of streaked and blotted manuscripts, or when in the agonies of composition—we remember only the joy we have experienced in beholding our charge come forth from the press, in its new dress all neat and gay, in witnessing the crowd eagerly hastening for a copy, in listening to the sage criticisms on its contents and conjectures as to authorship. Our connection we say, has been pleasant, but we must not dally so long in breaking it. The days of another session, the limit of our reign, are almost sped—we stand on the threshold of another vacation with its long winter nights. One more glance at books, and then we have but to lay the steam engine under subsidy, and find the realities of home and friends, which as dreams have danced gaily before us, as we have often sung

"Far away, o'er the blue hills far away,  
'Mid the mountains and vales of my own dear home,  
My weary soul wanders through darkness and day,  
And longs for the time of returning to come."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

EVERY one acquainted with the literature of the day knows that we are abundantly supplied, if not in danger of being utterly overwhelmed, with a mass of writing, the characteristic of which is mere brilliancy of expression—a charming style. Examine it and you find no thought. You will find sparkling wit and an exquisite music of words, and this is all. These are the facts, we don't intend to philosophize and so shall not seek for the causes. It may be the plentiful lack of genius in the present race of writers, the great mass of whom are mere penny-a-liners who have adopted writing as a mechanical trade, or it may be the general superficiality of the present race of readers which has induced this effect.

Our attention was attracted to this subject by an article of Edgar A. Poe, which lies among the mass on the table before us, headed "The Imp of the Perverse." The author is an excellent illustration of the remarks we have just made. If asked to what species of the genus humbug this article properly attaches itself, we should reply to the humbug philosophical. We have not time to analyze, but would say that the author introduces himself as in pursuit of an idea; this he chases from the wilderness of phrenology into that of transcendentalism, then into that of metaphysics generally; then through many weary pages into the open field of inductive philosophy, where he at last corners the poor thing and then most unmercifully pokes it to death with a long stick. This idea he calls the "Perverse."

Byron somewhere says,

" — there's a courage which grows out of fear  
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare  
The worst to *know* it: when the mountains rear  
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there  
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear  
The gulf of rock yawns—you can't gaze a minute  
Without an awful wish to plunge within it."

If Mr. Poe had been content with this and the following stanza he might have saved himself his chase, and his readers the trouble of elucidating his philosophic nonsense.

We are indebted to the Editors of the "*Harbinger*" for several copies of their paper "devoted to social and political progress." Their professed object is a noble one, but we had thought the idea of Fourier and all that class of socialists, who propose the advancement of society by cold, calculating, heartless systems of generalization in the place of the natural, though narrow affections, long since exploded.

The *Monthly Rose* is again on our table. We hope Kitty Raebun will continue her gossipings. Their raciness of style is charming. We would

pronounce S. McD. a Mary Howitt in ballad writing, and from the poem "Night," will venture to predict her a *Miss Milton* in an Epic. Excuse our being so personal—we are only so when the ladies are concerned. But why no Editorial? Only to think of a *silent* Editress!

The *Lowell Offering* has been faithful to us as the rolling months. We have ever hailed its arrival, ever delighted to commune with the spirits of those who amidst constant toil, have redeemed the precious moments of repose to devote to intellectual culture and refinement. We cannot but regret that its publication should be discontinued—the more so because we see for it no sufficient reason. We shall hope soon to see it reappear.

We must again jog the memory of our friends of the *Yale Literary*. We have not heard from them this session.

The *William's Miscellany* we have privately heard has gone by the board. This we should regard as a private slander, were it not for the fact that we have not for a long time received that magazine.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We don't expect to injure the feelings of any of our correspondents by our Notices. We very much doubt whether the authors of the pile on our table have any feelings. If they have, we would suggest that in future they exercise them towards the Editors.

First we have the "Spirit of Accommodation," written on paper stolen from the printing office, we fear, and so dirty it ought to have been sent to the washer-woman's before using. We didn't undertake to read it, but in glancing through it, noticed the following: "I am not a precocious genius. The fruit that ripens early is seldom as good as that which is longer in coming to maturity"—that is, the author is yet in the verdancy of *youthhood*.

Next comes poetry. The author of this *is* a genius, no doubt, since in the midst of his inspiration he forgot a title and a signature. Hence his piece has a strikingly forlorn aspect. It is written in "Common metre," and begins thus:

"An awful calm pervades the world,  
Prophetic, fearful, dread,  
And tho' war's banner still is furled,  
Vice rears her snaky head."

"The lament of a Loafer over his last shirt," after a truly sorrowful exordium, proceeds:

"But ever thus since when a boy  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,  
I never loved a little toy  
But it was lost or *stold* away.  
I never raised a little pup  
And taught him how to carry packs,  
Or fetch a stick, or pick it up,  
But he was killed to pay his tax!" &c. &c.

We would inform the author of the "Independent Collegian," that ori-

ginality is as requisite in the delineation of character as elsewhere—that he will never acquire a vast deal of excellence by aping the style or reflecting the wit of others. If you can't be a sun in the firmament of the Nassau Monthly, my dear fellow, we can't allow you to shine in our pages as a moon.

H—— has given us some moralizings on crushed hopes, squeezed expectations, frozen love and blasted disappointments. We will administer a few sentences, illustrating the *affirmativeness* of his style. "Man, *yes* mortal man is doomed to disappointment—The bright hopes of yesterday, *yes*, the brightest hopes—She, *yes*, she to whom the love of my youth had been consecrated"—but that will suffice, *yes*, that will suffice.

Here next is a translation from the German of *Whizzerrochtenbuzzenburger*. The subject is the lament of a lady—scene, the bank of a canal. The lady is so frantic amidst her lamentations that we fear to give more than the concluding stanza.

"When night shall spread her gloomy veil,  
And when the stormy winds arise,  
My ghost shall come upon the gale  
And mourn his death with feeble cries!  
The boatman from his bark my voice shall hear,  
And whip his mules—being struck with awful fear!"

"Telegraph" has sent us some of the blankest kind of verse. We don't know what kind of a telegraph he is, probably a magnetic one, judging from the somnolent effect his lines or *wires* had on the Editors.

"College Grades" had better been College Slang, since it is nothing else in *fact*. If Mr. A. L. Y. wishes to become satisfied with College regulations, we would advise him to comply with them. At any rate, if he wishes to vent his indignation, there are others perhaps who will lend a more willing ear than we of the Monthly.

"Lebe" possesses neither wit nor sense. If there is any exception to this assertion, it is in the following sentence, with which the author and our readers must be content. "Long-kept manuscripts, prepared by the fire of the mind, well digested by the steam of reason, and jellied o'er with wit, are piled upon that round table." "Lebe" ought to have *eaten* the manuscripts while he was about it.

We have now arrived at the last, thank fortune, and ye shades of the departed Muses, defend us—Poetry—a *sonnet* in six stanzas! However, it is not so bad as we at first imagined, and if the writer had continued as he began, he would not be considered quite intolerable.

"When snows descend and robe the fields  
In Winter's bright array,  
Touched by the sun, the lustre fades  
And weeps itself away."

We have a number of very respectable articles on hand, some of which should have been inserted in the present number, had they been received in time. We consign them to the disposal of our successors.